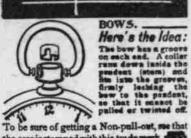
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AT THE TABERNACLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SUBJECT WAS UPON CHEERFUL CHURCHES.

He Says His Theology Has All Gone Into Pive Letters-The Gladness of the Christian Religion-A Few Words of Fare well-His Few Months' Absence.

BROOKLYN, May 13 .- The Tabernacle was crowded to the doors today when Rev. Dr. Talmago took for the subject of his forenoon sermon a passage of Scripture which has been made the subject of much discussion and various interpretation by modern theologians. His theme was, "A Cheerful Church," and the text was selected from Selemon's Song iv, 1, "Be hold, thou art fair, my love."

"Higher criticism" says that this book of Solomon's Song is a love scene, a forlorn maiden sighing for her beau. If so, it is an unclean and debauched utterance inserted in the pure word of God and is not fit for common reading. My opinion is that it is an inspired ode setting forth the feeling of Christ toward the church and of the church toward Christ. Christ is the bridegroom, and the church is the bride. The same words we can utter today truthfully whether in regard to the church of God in general or this church in particular, "Behold, thou art fair, my love." The past week has been one of prolonged con-gratulation for that we have for 25 years been permitted to associate with each oth er in the relation of pastor and people. When I came to Brooklyn, I found a small band of Christian disciples who from vari ous causes had become less and less until they stood upon the very verge of extinction as a church, and the question was being agitated from time to time whether it would be possible to maintain a church life longer. Indeed had not those men and women been consecrated and earnest they would have surrendered to the adverse cir cumstances. They marshaled a congrega tional meeting, and gathering up all the forces possible they cast 19 votes for a pas-tor, all of which I am happy to have re-

It was not through any spirit of per courage or reckless adventure that I was led from one of the warmest and most congen ial pastorates in Philadelphia that a man ever enjoyed to this then most uninviting field, but it was the feeling that God had called me to the work, and I was sure he would see me through

I have thought that it might be profitable to us to state briefly what kind of a

church we have been trying to establish. In the first place, I remark that we have been trying to build here a Christian church, distinctively such—in other words, a church where we should preach the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified. My theology is all gone into five letters-Jesus. Jesus, the pardon of all offenses Jesus, the foundation for all structures Jesus, the balm for all wounds. Jesus, the eye saive for all blindness. Jesus, the guide through all perplexities. Jesus, the hope for all discouragements. Jesus, the reform for all wrongs. I have faith to believe that there is more power in one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ to cure the woes of the world than in an ocean full of human quackery. Jesus is the grandest note in any minstrelsy. He is the brightest gem in any crown. Height overtopping all height. The center of every circumference. The circumference to every center. The pacifier of all turbulence. The umpire of all disputes. Jesus! Jesus! At his table all nations are to sit. Around his throne all worlds are to revolve. He is to be the irradiation of the universe. Jesus! Jesus! It is that truth that we have tried to preach in this Tabernacle.

A Broad Creed. Do you ask more minutely what we be lieve? I can tell you. We have no dry, withered, juiceless theology. We believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, the deliverer of the distressed, the home for the homeless, the friend for the friendless. We believe in Jesus Christ, able to save to the utterm pardoning the guilty, imputing his right-courses to the believer. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the comforter, the sanctifler, cheering up the heart in life's ills and kin dling bright lights in every dark landing place. We believe that the whole race is so sunken in sin that nothing but the om nipotent arm of God can ever lift it out. We believe in grace-free grace, sovereign grace, triumphant grace, eternal grace. We believe in a Bible, authentic in its statements, immaculate in its teachings, glorious in its promises. We believe in heaven, the abode of the righteous, and in hell, the residence of those who are soul suicides, of their own free choice refusing the divine mercy. We believe in the salvation of all men who accept Christ by faith, be they sprinkled or immersed, worship they in cathedral or in log cabin, believe they in Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, dwell they under Italian skies or in Siberian snowstorms, be they Ethiopian or American. All one in Christ. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, on the way to one heaven. We built this Tabernacle for the purpose of setting forth these great the ories of the gospel of the Son of God. Would that we had been more faithful in the pulpit! Would that we had been more

faithful in the pew!

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church distinctively unconventional. Instead of asking, as some peo do it, we have asked the question how peo ple do not do it. Imperious custom has de cided that churches shall be angular, ss, gloomy, unsympathetic, forget ting that what men call a plous gloom is implous, and that that church has the best architecture where the people are the most comfortable, and that that is the most efficient Christian service where the people are made most sick of sin and most anxs after Christ and heaven. And so we called the architects together for our first church building and said, "Give us an amphitheater"—that is, a large family circle, gathered around a fireplace. For ars we had felt that an amphithe ater was the only proper shape for an au-dience room. The prominent architects of the country said: "It cannot be done. You

plan after plan of churchly buildings pre-sented, but in due time God sent a man who grasped our idea and executed it. So far from being a failure, it satisfied our want, and all our three churches were built on the amphitheatrical plan, and scores of churches all over the country have adopted the same plan. A Democratic Church. And, my brothren and sisters, we fail in

our work just in proportion as we try to be like other churches. We believe that God intended every church, like every man, to be individual, gathering up all its peculiarities and idiosynerasies, and hurling them all toward some good and grand In other words, no two churches ought ever to be just alike. Here is a church, for instance, whose object it is to prepare philosophers and artists and crit-cs for heaven. God speed them in the dif-

figult work. Here is a church, on the other hand, that proposes to bring only the poor into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, looking not after the rich. God speed such a church in its undertaking. But there is a larger idea that a church may take ringing in the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low, so that kneeling beside each other shall be the man faring sumptuously every day and the man who could not get his breakfast. God speed such a church!

Oh, my friends, we need to break away from slavery to occlesiastical custom. lare not sing if anybody hears us. dare not preach unless we have rounded off our sentences to suit the criticism of the world. We dare not dress for church until we have examined the fashion plates and would rather stay at home than appear with a coat or a hat not sanctioned by custom. When will the day of deliverance come to the church of God when, instead of a dead religion, laid out in state on a catafalque of pomp and insincerity, we shall have a living, bounding, sympathetic,

glowing Christianity? A Joyful Religion. I remark, further, that we have tried here to build and to conduct a cheerful church. While, as you know, we have not held back the terrors of the law and the sterner loctrines of the gospel we have tried in this house to present to this people the idea

that the gladdest, brightest, happiest thing in all the universe is the Christian reli-There is so much trouble in the world. Business men have so many anxeties, toiling men have so many fatigues, orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake, if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth. Let me say that I do not want anybody to come whining around me about the Christian religion. I have no faith in a religion made up of equal parts of wormwood, vinegar and red pepper. If

the religion that is presented to us be a de-

on, we will get along better without it. If it be a joy, let it shine out from your face and from your conversation. If man comes to my house to talk of religion with lugubrious countenance and manner full of sniffle and dolorousness, I feel like saying to my wife, "You had bet-ter lock up the silver before he steals something." I have found it an invariable rule that men who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, priding themselves at the same time on their sanctimoniousness, always turn out badly—I never knew an exception-while those who are the most consistent, the most useful and the most consecrated have perfume in their conversation and heaven in their face.

The Eternal Gladnes

The happiest Christians that I have ever known have been persons from 60 to 80 years of ago. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society and have no longer any patience with any thing like imposture in religion. O Chris ow dare you be gloomy? Is not God your father? Is not Jesus Christ your Saviour? Has not your path all through life been strewn with mercios? Are you insensible to the fact that there are glories awaiting you in the better land?
—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs that resound under arches of strength and ho sannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with the faces of those who have gone up from you, and who are waiting for your comin ready to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in songs that never cease, in hearts that never ache, in splendors that never die, to make you glad? Then take no more mercy at the hand of thy Godl Give back the marriage ring of love that Jesus put on your finger in the day of your espousal! Plant no more of the flowers of eaven where there ought to be nothing but nettles and nightshade!

We try to make this church a cheerful A man on Saturday afternoon church. stands in his store and says: "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster that is coming upon me?" He goes home. Sabbath morning finds him in the house of God. Through the song, through the sermon, through the prayer, the Lord Jesus Christ says to that "O man, I have watched thee! I have seen all thy stuggles. It is enough. I will see thee through. I will stand be tween thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you lost in earthly treasures. Courage, man! Cour-age! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man. Put your wings over his head. With your golden scepters strike for his defense. Throw around him all the defenses of eternity!" What is the consequence? That business man is strengthened. He goes to the store next day feeling that God is with him and ready to deliver.

A Triumphant Church. That same Sunday there is a poor old woman in the church hearing the gospel. same dress she wore 20 years ago. How faded it is and now out of date! She sits and listens as well as she can. Her eyes are so dim she cannot see half way across the church. Her ear is so imperfect that she can only catch occasionally a note of the psalm or a word of the preacher. Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, miss; thank you!" She holds the close up to her eyes and with a voice

all full of tremor sings: Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past. Safe into the haven guide— Oh, receive my soul at last!

And Jesus says to her, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, Jesus, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you And she says: "Yes, I am very poor. I cannot sew any more; I cannot knit any more. I am very poor." Jesus says to her. "Mother. would you like to

Lost Her Hand But Saved Her Life. Mrs. Edward Myers, of Athens, N. Y. had been treated for months in the usual way for erysipelas, without benefit. Her hand had become a mass of putrified flesh, the blood so poisoned that her life was despaired of. At this critical time Mrs. Myers sought the advice of Dr. David Kennedy discoverer of Favorite Remedy. Dr. Kennedy found it impossible to save the hand, so he amoutated the same, then gave her Favorite Remedy which drove the poisonous disease out her system, cleansed the blood, thus saving her

Had Favorite Remedy been used earlier in the development of erysipelas, Mrs. Myers would have saved her hand. The worst casee of eczema, salt rheum and scrofula, yield to Favorite Remedy. It is endorsed and prescribed by the medical profession.

rest!" End says, "Yes, Lord; that fi what I want-rest." "Courage, mother," says Jesus. "I will see thee through." She goes home. The next morning in the tenement house some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead! The night before the chartots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and Jesus kept his He said that he would give her rest, and he has given her rest. to God for the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of such Christian comfort Dh, that we might have such joy as that

which inspired the men at the battle of Leuthen. They were singing a Christian song as they went into battle. A general said to the king, "Shall I stop those peo-ple singing?" "No," said the king. ple singing?" "No," said the king.
"Men that can sing like that can fight." I
would that we had a singing church, a joyful church, a jubilant church, a com-forting church, for then we would have a I remark, further, that we have here

tried to build a church abreast of the times. It is all folly for us to try things the way they did 50 or 100 years ago. We might as well be plowing with Elliah's crooked stick, or go into battle with Sanl's armor, or prefer a canalboat to an express train, as to be clinging to old things. What we most need now is a wide awake church. People who are out in the world all the week, jostling against this lightning footed century, come into the church on the Sabbath and go right to sleep unless they have a spirited se Men engaged in literary callings all the week, reading pungent, sharp writings, cannot be expected to come and hear our ecclesiastical humdrum. If a man stays at home on Sundays and reads the newspapers, it is because the newspapers are more interesting. We need, my brethren, to rouse up and stop hunting with bla cartridges. The church of God ought to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox good — when all around

about us are injoutties to be slain. Did I say that the church ought to be abreast of the times? I take that back. The church of God ought to be shead of the times-as far in advance as the cross of Christ is ahead of all human invention. Paul was 1,000 years ahead of the day in which he lived. The swift footed years that have passed since Luther died have not yet come up to Luther's grave. Give iniquity 4,000 years the start, and the feet of Christianity are so nimble that if you will but give it full swing it will catch up and pass it in two bounds. The church of God ought to be ahead of the times.

A Stalwart Religion. nark, further, that we have tried here in the love and fear of God to build a church that would be characterized by conversions. I have heard of very good people who could preach on for 15 or 20 ears and see no conversions, but yet have faith. It takes a very good man to do that. I do not know how a man can keep his faith up if souls are not brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. That church that does not bring men and women to the feet of the Saviour is a failure. I care not how fine the building, or how sweet the music, or how eloquent the preaching, or how elegant the surroundings—it is a failure. The church of God was made for just one thing-to get men out of the world into the kingdom of heaven. The tendency in churches is to spend their time in giving fine touches to Christians already polished. We keep our religion too much indoors and under shelter when it ought to be climbing the rocks or hewing in the forests. Then it would be a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the world instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spirit-ual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sen-

timentality and put on the workday dress of an earnest, active Christianity, Here is Brooklyn, here is New York, here are the United States, here is the whole world to be converted. It is 1,894 years since Christ came, and yet Europe, Asia Africa North and South America are still unevangelized. More people born every year into the world than are born the kingdom of God. At that rate I ask any one who can do a simple sum in rithmetic to calculate when this world will be brought to Jesus. At that rable never, never, never! And yet we know that it is to be brought to Christ. But the church will have to change its tack and take a wider sweep with the gospel net than any it has yet taken. I believe that the great masses of the people are now ready to receive the gospel if we give them a

A boy goes along the street at night and sees a fine house beautifully lighted up and hears music, and he says, "I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited,' and so he passes on. Here is the church of God, lighted up with festivity and holy mirth, and the world passes along outside hears the music and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is not invited. Oh, invite the world to come in! Go out into the highways and hedges. Send a ticket of invitation, printed in these words, ready. "Come, for all things are now

Buried In Sin.

Some years ago 200 men were buried in the Hartley colliery of England. The queen of England from her throne telegraphed, "Is there any hope for the men?" After awhile the answer came over the wires: "No hope. They are dead." Here is a whole race buried in sin and darkness and wee. The question that thrills up to the throne of God today is, "Is there any hope for the men?" Answering intelligence comes back from the throne of God, thrilling through the world's darkness, thrilling through the world's woe: "Yes Hope for one! Hope for all. Whosever will, let him come. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come.

We have had conventions all over the country discussing the subject, "How Shall the Great Masses Be Brought to Christ?" They have passed splendid resolutions at the close of the meeting—a long list of 8, 10 or 15 have been read, and then the pre-siding officer has said, "All those in favor of the resolutions for the conversion of the world, purifying the cities and redeeming the masses, and making everything all right, say aye." "Aye! Aye!" say 1,000 voices. "All opposed no." "The ayes have it." There, the world is converted! Ah, we do not seem to get along by such a

If this world is ever to be brought to God, it will not be by the handful of ministers we have in this country. It will be by the great masses of Christian men and women discharging their duty. If the pri-vate church membership of this country would but put on their armor and go forth, I believe that in 15 years this whole land could be redeemed for Christ. Would God that all the people were prophets! I am never afraid to hear a man say that he is going to preach. If he cannot preach, peole will not go to hear him. If he can, he has a message from the Almighty, and I would have him deliver it. Look out how

you interfere with him. Closing Words. Since we have been together as pastor and people how many have been promoted to the glories of heaven! They died sweetly, calmly, as only Christians can die. They have put down the staff of their pilgrimage; they have taken up the palm of the victor. The Lord Jesus has swung his arm through this church a good many times. He has been up and down all these aisles. He has taken the little children the dear little children. He came down into the garden to gather the lilies and the aged as well. One who sat right here, so that when I used to preach I could almost out my hand on his head, when I came

Back from my summer vacation was gone. Oh, how the glories of heaven shone around that old man's face as he sat here Sabbath after Sabbath! Gone now, happy spirit! Happy with all those who have passed the flood!

One army of the living God-To his command we how, Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

I thank you for all your kindness, for all your sympathy, for all your prayers for me as pastor. It is a sorrow to me that I am to be absent even for a few months. I have worked to the full extent of physical, mental and spiritual endurance for this

Now we start out on our twenty-sixth rear. How many of us will close it here I know not. But, living or dying, let us cling to Christ. Oh, that all the people would love him! I wish that I could take this audience this morning and wreathe is around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, he is such a dear Saviour! He is such a loving Jesusi He is so precious! He is all the world to me. He is heaven to me. He washed away my sins. He comforted me in days of darkness and trouble. He is mine. O blessed Jesus! Swesters so I ever heard or ever expect to hear is thy

My closing prayer this morning is that God will have mercy on the dying popula-tion of our great cities, and that the whole earth will put on bridal array for the coming of her Lord. Ride on, King Jesus, ride on! Blessed be the Lord God of Izrnel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen

Pounded Religion Into Him.

The new muscular Christianity has many advantages over the older time reaching method of gathering converts to Christ, but among the old school min-isters of the gospel it is not so popular as it might be. But, then, as it is only reently that college athletics have become popular, the objection of the now gray haired dominies is perhaps not so very surprising. There recently visited Buffalo a young theological student who came from a New Jersey town, and though an Epis-copalian he was a graduate of historic old Princeton, where he was a leading spirit in all kinds of healthful sport. He attended a mission meeting, and upon being in-troduced to the congregation of worshipers the introducer told of the young man's exploits in the football field and the base ball diamond. It happened that at the meeting there was a local bruiser who had the reputation of having chewed up all the

aspirants for fistic honors in the locality. The bully remarked to some of his comcanions that although the minister might be a good football player he could beat him into pulp without half trying. The young minister heard of the boast and made a compact with the bully that he would meet him in the local clubroom, and the consideration was that in the event of the bully being defeated he was to go to church regularly for three months, and if the young minister were vanguished he was to pay some penalty. The night of the encounter arrived, and there was a large attendance of sports to see the parson knocked out. The contest was not a long one, for the bully stood only three rounds of the punishment, when he cried:
"Hold! Enough!" He paid the penalty
imposed and now is one of the most earnest worshipers at church, having been entirely weaned from his pernicious environments, and one of his warmest friends is the young parson who knocked him out. -Buffalo Express.

Before Athens.

When Joseph was carried captive into Egypt by the Arab traders, whose camels were laden with "spices, balm, and myrrh," the rustic Hebrew found himself in the heart of a rich and populous country filled with great cities, adorned with magnificent buildings, a country governed by ancient and equitable laws, having a venerable church wealthily endowed, and an enlightened priesthood, containing numerous colleges and schools, and teem-

Linen, glass, ornaments of silver and gold and beautiful examples of cabinet work and objects of art and refinement were of home manufacture. Various gym nastic exercises and the games of drafts, ball, mora and other well known modern smusements were common at the same period. The army and navy were well equipped and drilled and furnished with owerful machines and deadly weapons sculptors, painters and scribes abounded.

and three modes of writing were practiced. Musical instruments were numerous and there were bands of music, as with us. Yet Troy was not built until about 31/2 enturies after. Two hundred years elapsed before Athens was founded and a thousand before Romulus laid the foundations of Rome, 800 before Hercules was born and 1,200 before Pythagoras wandered into Egypt and drank from the fountains of ancient learning. - Westminster Review.

A Queer String of Accidents.

At the corner of the Rue de Seze and the Rue Basse du Rampert on the afternoon of April 7 a private carriage, an ordinary Parisian flacre, and a washerwoman's wagon barred the way. The drivers of these vehicles were indulging in the Parisian form of billingsgate, when the horse became very restive, and the one attached to the flacre dashed away and started to ward the opera. The wheels struck the pavement; the driver was thrown out and crushed under the wheels. A little farther on a man who chanced to be passing was run into and badly hurt. Meanwhile a young servant girl, who was leaning out of a fifth story window to see what was goor a nith story window to see what was going on below, suddenly fell forward, the window bar having broken, and was instantly killed on the pavement. The horse was still running madly on. Two policemen rushed forward to stop him. One of them fell, kicked by the horse. The other wa knocked down by the carriage. Turning suddenly into the Rue Caumartin, the animal dashed up against one of the great wagons of the Bon Marche, and in the collision tore off a wheel of the flacre. A little farther on he upset another large goods wagon and immediately after broke the shafts and lantern of another flacre. The horse was finally stopped by two men.-London Telegraph.

Her Contradictions.

"Queer," said a man thoughtfully the other day, "the contradictions of women. 'I know a girl who was plucky enough to go out on a Dakota ranch to rescue a brother who was going to the dogs out there. She rode 40 miles one night to a border town and went straight into a saloon where she knew she would find him fearless and resolute, and when that girl came back home and was about to be ma ried she was so shy and timid that she wouldn't let a person be asked to the church to see the ceremony. 'If I look in and find anybody there, she told her father, 'I won't go in,' and he knew she wouldn't, so there was no one there be-sides the family."—New York Times.

If King Solomon was alive he would now say: "Go to the traveling man, learn his ways and be wise." Mr. C. W. Battell, a Cincinnati traveling man representing the Queen City Printing Ink Co., after suffering intensely for two or three days with lameness of the sholder, resulting from rheumatism, completely cured it with two applications of and the thinner fabrics. A very pretty Ch-mberlain's Pain Balm. This remedy is material, which is new this season, is adgaining a wide reputation for its prompt mirably suited for this purpose. It is a fine white muslin, or lawn, with tiny cures of rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings, and lameness, 50 cent bottles are for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, 1m

ODDS AND ENDS

Rescommen died repeating the lines of alsown translation of the "Dies Irse." The practice of economy is no disgrace. It is better living on a little than outliving s great deal.

French theater. His first play was "Cleoostro," presented on the stage in 1559. Almshouses, as a state institution, did not originate until after the suppression of the monasteries in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

Etienne Jodelle was the father of the

Malebranche became so excited when coding anything that interested him that he was frequently obliged to pause from palpitation of the heart.

It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature and affect to despise it are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

Russian authorities of many places disourage the capture of nightingales by onfiscating the catch of the desires and cleasing the little songsters.

The entire circulation of the newspaper press of the world is estimated at 10,700, 000,000 copies, and there exists one journal for every 82,600 inhabitants.

The grown girl of a family often doesn't wash her face for several days, claiming it is not good for the complexion. If the boy makes the same claim, he is whipped. The clerk of Queen Victoria's kitchen

who always carves, receives a salary of \$3,500 a year. The chef receives the same, and two confectioners receive \$1,500 each. In a ton of Dead sea water there are 187 pounds of salt; Red sea, 93; Mediterrane-an, 85; Atlantic, 81; English channel, 72; Baltic, 48; Black sea, 26, and Caspian

ces, 11.

While a Sunday school teacher of New Castle, Del., was talking to his pupils a ew Sundays ago, the nerves of his vocal chords became suddenly paralyzed, and he intirely lost the power of articulation. There was no pain with the attack.

Every tramp arriving at Elkhart, Ind., s first vaccinated, after which he is given a lunch, neatly wrapped in paper, by a ho-tel in that city, which charges the city 15 ents for every lunch prepared. A policeman then escorts the tramp to the corporation line, and he is bidden to move on.

New York police who have been visiting fortune tellers disguised as love tossed swains had this experience in common— that the blond officers were invariably warned against rivals with dark hair and eyes, and the dark complexioned officers were told to beware of certain blond rivals.

A young woman at Newport, Ky., was married when 12 years old, became a mother at 13, was divorced at 14, married at 15, was divorced at 17, and married the third time at 19, and was deserted at 20, with three children. A few days ago she became insane through grief for the death of her last baby from starvation.

Thought She Had It.

Two girls have recently come to Bate to board themselves and discuss conic sec tions and the ablative absolute. They tool rooms where two girls fought it out a year They cook, and they eat there, and ago. They cook, and they eat there, and they study there, and they don't go out nights, and they don't hang on the front gate with any Adolphus or any Georga dear. They just eat to live and live to

In the pantry the departed girls left some paraphernalia for their successors.

'I'd like some oatmeal,' said one of the

girls last Wednesday.
"There's some in the pantry that Mamie and Susie left," said the other. .

They cooked and they ate it. It went down hard. It didn't seem superlatively

don't think this is real good, do you!" "N-o," said the other doubtfully, "but ou put lots of milk on it and it goes It went. Next day they saw the other

"We are indebted to you," said they. "We ate some of your oatmeal that you "We leave oatmeal? I guess not, sissy,

said they. "We left nothing catable." "Why, what was it, then?"

"What was what?" "Why, that stuff in the brown pape narcel on the second shelf, way back Quick, what was it?" 'That! Why, you never ate that! What Why, that was bran and sawdust that dear

old ma sent us some eggs in."

Two girls looked pale and wan. On "I thought-bah!-I thought it tasted ooh, shiver-"awful chippy.

The other said: "Girls, I've got it!" 'Got what? "Appendicitis," she said.—Lewiston

A Church Fair Novelty.

At a church fair recently six of the booths took the names and characteristics of the six working days of the week. "Monday" was wrought in clothespins over the first stall, and the young women sttendants, in washerwomen c sold laundry bags, aprons and the like. "Tuesday" had the word in Chinese incense burners, and two boys dressed as Chinamen sold ironholders, Chinese lilies and incense. Mending day betrayed itself in a "Wednesday" in spools, and the sewing girls stationed there sold workbaskets and their stock.

A large booth was set apart for recep-tion day, whose "Thursday" was outlined in visiting cards, and whose attendants in pretty gowns were "at home" with bountifully spread tables. Under the signifi-cant "Friday" of whisk brooms were spread out wares pertinent to sweeping day, and a "Saturday" in candy meant that baking day made possible all sorts of edibles from bread to macaroons and marshmallows.—New York Times.

Vagrants In Scotland.

It was very interesting to read in The Spectator of April 7 that, owing to the extension of deer forests in Scotland, golden eagles and wildcats are on the increase and are now safe from extirpation there But there is also a suggestive per contra, which likewise is not unconnected with the extension of deer forests, the removal of the cottager from the land, the divorce of Scots from Scotland. About 10 year ago there were 90,000 vagrants in Sootland. There are now about 150,000 to population of under 5,000,000.

Germany has about the same number of vagrants to a population of 50,000,000. It would be matter for regret if golden eagles became extinct in Scotland. But it is a matter for sadness that they are flying over the comparatively recent homes of now homeless sons of the land.—Letter in London Spectator.

New Sash Curtains.

Sash curtains may be half length or full, cording to one's fancy, single or double, plain or full. There is a great variety of fabrics adapted to this purpose—silkolene both plain and with a border; chintz, ponchina and india silk, besides m flowers in blue, pink, yellow and red scattered over it, with hemstitching on either side. In price it is very reasonable, selling for 18 cents per yard, says The Decorator

Mistress Who Opens Servants' Letters.

There is a certain awkwardness in the tuation when a mistress opens-of course by mistake—a letter addressed to one of her servants and finds herself therein described as an "old cat," with an added re-mark that "the old beast wants skinning." Mrs. Scott, a lady residing at Cambridg Gate, Hyde Park, when she discovered that her cook housekeeper had a corre-spondent who indulged in such bloodthirsty sentiments, promptly confiscated the letter. This was bold, but it was hardly heroic to give up the document when threatened with an action or to wait for the same occurrence before paying

wages that were claimed. The cook housekeeper complained of her food and her bed—the latter was not clean, while the former was "saturated with cayenne pepper and Worcester sauce." seems obvious that the pepper must have been intended for the bed, to keep moths out, and had got into the food by mistake. The jury, however, thought that these lat-ter grievances were more or less imaginary, and that the sum of 5 shillings paid into court in respect of the detention of the letter was sufficient. The mistress, therefore, came off victorious, but has been given no compensation for being likened to an aged grimalkin on the road to the furrier's, perhaps because no compensation that might be offered for such outrageous ons could possibly be adequate

A Leader. Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alternatives-containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or in-toxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.-It will cure sick headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with ach bottle or the money will be re-

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D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a French lady in Sene-gal and published in a Paris newspaper, referring to a visit to King Behanzin of Dahomey, on board the Segond: "The king, followed by five wives and four children, of whom one is a handsome boy, then came forward in a silk mantle striped with black and blue and elegantly draped. His head was bare, and he had on his feet sandals held on by crossed bands embroidered in wools of many colors. He smoked a large ebony pipe, the bowl and shank of which were direled with silver. His French is limited to bon jour and ami, and I am the first white woman he ever saw, and the sight of me astonished him. He at first gazed at me, then soared with laughter, and when he had roared till he was tired looked around and asked where my husband was. The interpreter having pointed him out, he took him by the shoulder and gave him a friendly shake, which was as much as to say, 'What a lucky fellow you are!' One of the five wives cooks. She has lost all her teeth. The others stand around the deposed king. The children are very nice. Behanzin is elderly, about 55, and has a white head of hair. He hardly knows how to walk, because on account of his rank he has always been carried.

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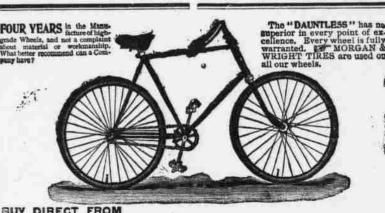
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